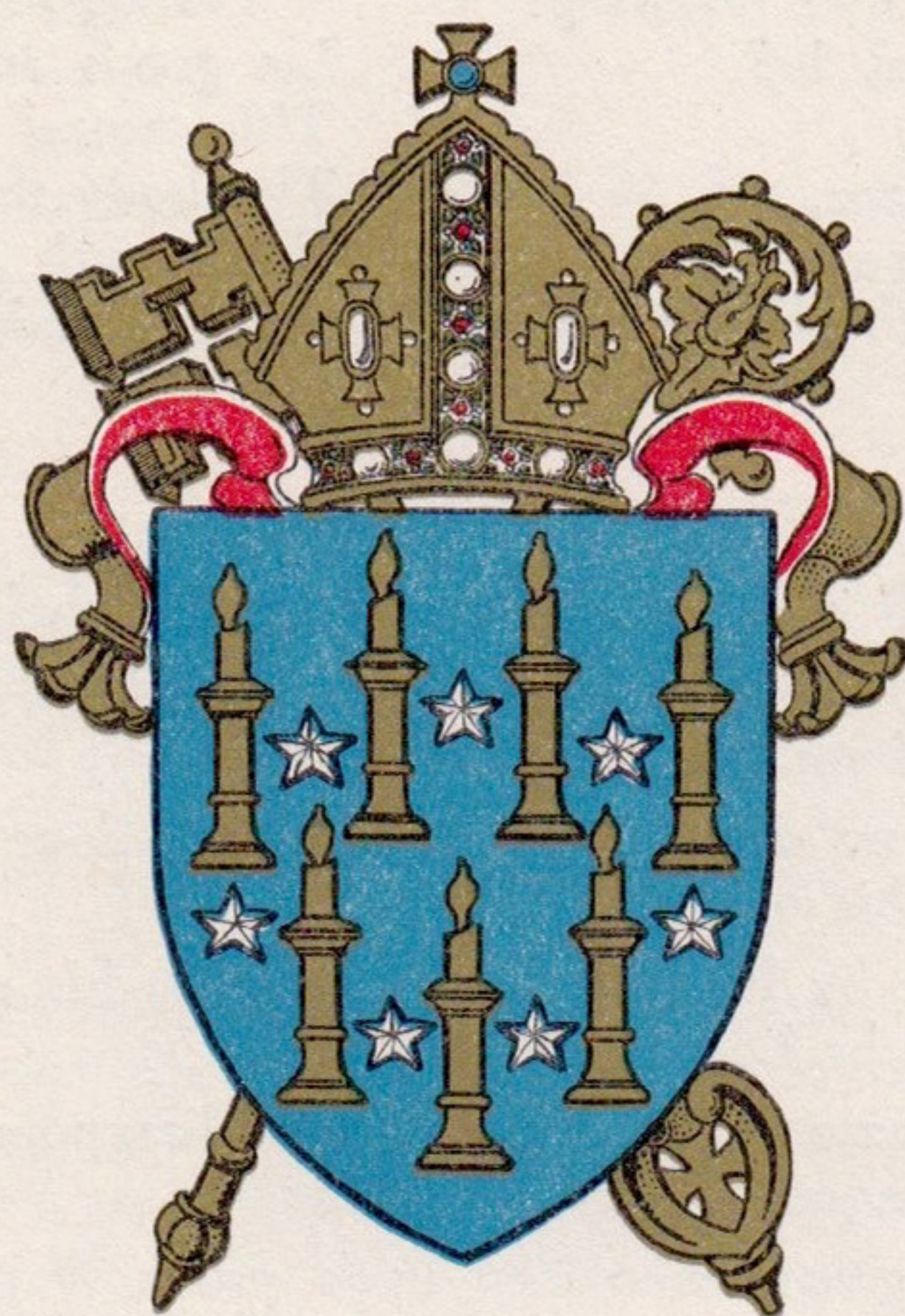




The Cathedral

✱ ✱ ✱ of ✱ ✱ ✱

Saint John the Divine



A Service Commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of
the Entrance into Life Eternal of

Phillips Brooks
Bishop of Massachusetts



January 17, 1943

4:00 P. M.



Fervidus eloquio, sacra doctissimus arte,
Suadendi gravibus vera Deumque viris,
Quaereris ab sedem populari voce regendam,
Quaereris—ab sedem rapte domumque Dei.

—The Tribute of Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury,
in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster

Evening Prayer and Sermon

4:00 P. M.

HYMN 213

Ein Feste Burg

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 A Mighty Fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal. | 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him. |
| 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his Name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle. | 4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever. Amen. |

PSALM 15

Domine, quis habitabit?

Anglican Chant

LORD, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? * or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, * and doeth the thing which is right,
and speaketh the truth from his heart.
He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, *
and hath not slandered his neighbour.
He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, * and maketh
much of them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, * though
it were to his own hindrance.
He that hath not given his money upon usury, * nor taken reward against
the innocent.
Whoso doeth these things * shall never fall.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, * and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, * world without end.
Amen.

THE FIRST LESSON

Isaiah 6:1-8

MAGNIFICAT IN E

Parker

THE SECOND LESSON

St. John 12:26-36

NUNC DIMITTIS IN E

Parker

AFTER THE THIRD COLLECT, ANTHEM

Vaughan-Williams

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing: All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times. And some there be, which have no memorial, who are perished, as though they had never been. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

HYMN 78

St. Louis

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

—Phillips Brooks, 1868

SERMON

THE REVEREND HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

Rector of St. James Church, Manhattan

AT THE OFFERING, ANTHEM

Franck

Alleluia!

O praise ye the Lord in His holy temple:
O praise ye the Lord Who dwelleth on high,
Praise the Lord in His might and in His noble acts:
Praise the Lord in His glory and in His majesty.
Praise the Lord in the sound of the trumpet,
Praise the Lord on the lute and the harp.
Praise the Lord in the dances, the timbrels and the dance.
Praise Him upon the strings, and praise Him on the pipe.
Praise the Lord upon the well-tuned cymbals,
Praise the Lord on the cymbals well tuned and loud.
Every creature on earth, every thing that hath breath
Praise Him, praise ye the Lord.

Alleluia!

PRAYER AND BLESSING

THE BISHOP

HYMN 297

Moultrie

- 1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee:
Multitude which none can number
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity. Amen.



MADONNA AND CHILD

He's hers! He's all the world's, yet still he's hers!
The Christ-child smiling upon Mary's knee!
'Mid the world's worship still her heart avers,
"The child divine belongeth unto me."
So kneel, sweet Catherine, and tell thy love;
Haste, John, thy flowery tribute to present;
A holier heaven is beaming from above
In the young mother's face of calm content.
All else are restless; she alone is still;
In pure devotion all desire doth cease;
There is no tide of thought or wind of will
On the broad ocean of her perfect peace.
No fear of pain to come her spirit stirs,
Handmaid and mother she! And he is hers!

—Phillips Brooks*

* From "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," by Alexander V. G. Allen—the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company, have kindly permitted this quotation.